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Price, 10 Cents.

"What fools these Mortals be!"  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

# Puck

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PUCK'S THANKSGIVING TURKEY.



## PUCK.

No. 13 North William Street, New York.

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWS DEALERS.

## TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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 EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

Puck will hereafter be on Sale in London, at the News Agency of Messrs. HENRY F. GILLIG & CO., 449, Strand, Charing Cross.

Americans in Paris, hitherto reduced to "Punch," "Fun" and "Judy," will now find their natural paper on file at the "Herald" Office, 49 Avenue de l'Opéra.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications, and to this rule we can make no exception.

Remittances by Money Order, etc., are to be addressed to KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

Our advertising friends are only required to pay bills presented on the billheads of PUCK, with our stamp impressed thereon. KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

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## BROTHER MURPHY'S WORK.

**G**OD bless anybody who saves a drunkard from a drunkard's grave! God bless Francis Murph—hold on, pen! We won't call down any blessings on Mr. Murphy for a few moments until we reflect a bit. To get drunk is bad; to be a drunkard is very much worse. To save a real live drunkard, is the noblest work of man.

But it strikes us very forcibly that this is just what Mr. Francis Murphy does *not* do. As far as heard from he is a man who encourages the poor drunkard to sign a pledge, put a piece of blue ribbon on his coat and retire to the background while the Brothers and Sisters shout "Amen, Hallelujah!" and the contribution-box is passed around for Bro. Murphy's benefit. For first-class hotel board is expensive.

Where wanders the drunkard? Homeless, with no food in his stomach, with no loving voice to encourage him to a new life, he has only his bit of blue ribbon to comfort him. In Binghamton, in this State, and in Boston, there are reformatories for inebriates where all love and kindness are shown the unfortunates who seek asylum there. And according to current reports the patient and earnest Superintendents of such institutions receive less remuneration in a year than Mr. Murphy receives in a month. But they save their patients, while Murphy advertises his—and they advertise him. Which is very much bullier for Murphy than for his terrible examples.

In any city in this country a man can get good board and lodging for \$6 per week; \$200 a year will clothe, hat, shoe and laundry any man; and in these hard times \$1,000 per annum profit is a healthy credit to one's account. That sum totally amounts to something less than thirty dollars a week. Now, if Mr. Murphy only wants to save souls from his idea that no drunkard can enter the kingdom of Heaven, let him go to work on this plan. To stuff his stomach full of quail on toast, and his pockets

full of trade-rickels, while the drunkard goeth out hungry and penniless, is not the way to make this country a "temperance" country.

Perhaps it would be better if we dropped the noun temperance as an adjective and were more grammatical, as well as more sensible, to be and to call ourselves "temperate" men. The scenes of the terrible examples whom Mr. Murphy parades before the public as brands saved from the burning of gin are not healthy, encouraging, nor do they forward the cause of temperance. But, Murphy, go on! A country which pays for the humbug of a Beecher, which rejoices in the antics of a Talmage, and selects Comstock as its art critic, will assuredly support you in your temperance crusade at prices ranging from \$75 to \$300 per week, all expenses paid for you, your choir, and that boy—who ought to be at work.

When these receipts fail, Bro. Murphy, there is always one resort left to you—you can Open a Bar-room. You know the biz.

## PUCK'S THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

We wish you a Merry—what is it? No, a Happy New Year. No, *what* is it? O, Thanksgiving. Aha! That's it! We wish all our readers a jolly turkey and may good digestion wait on appetite. We have our own turkey that we have been carving for many months past; the work we have done upon him may be seen among his feathers, in his body, and in his head and neck. But Puck is generous. He doesn't gobble his gobble. He serves him up to the public. For the turkey is strong, and Puck has struggled hard to kill him. And his name is Humbug.

As the year glides softly away into the tomb of years, and the bright and happy holidays approach, we hope that the Turkey which we kill on this Thanksgiving Eve may rest quietly in his grave. Hereafter, it is to be trusted that no crimes, no political frauds, no religious humbugs, no social wrongs, will be known among the American people. Then Puck will rest from his war *a l'outrance* and will merely publish pretty chromos and nice little funny pictures.

But if the turkey comes to life again, and shakes his feathers of Hypocrisy to the breeze, we cry: "Have at ye, there!" and with pen and pencil shall do our devoir like a true knight.

## OF CORSET IS.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 21, 1878.

Dear PUCK:

I noticed in this week's issue of your very interesting and amusing paper quite a glaring error, and, as I supposed you were always anxious to correct mistakes, thought I would point it out to you. It is in the cartoon on the last page—that of "Charles the Fifth Entering Antwerp." The figure next the curtain has her corsets (please excuse my speaking plainly) outside of her—other garment, while they are always worn the other way, the latter outside the former. Please pardon my seeming want of delicacy in writing such a thing, but I thought you ought to be told, and did not know who would tell you if I did not.

Yours,

A LADY WHO ADMIRES OF PUCK.

PUCK is under great obligations to his fair friend. He did not know this important fact. It could not be expected that he should. He is an innocent and unsophisticated young man, and quite unmarried. What should he know of such things? It is somewhat to his credit, indeed, that he was able to delineate correctly an article so unfamiliar to him. Next time he will try to locate it rightly.

## Puckerings.

"RUSSIA says peace is her great object." Yes—a piece of British India.

THE worm and the barrel-hoop are very much alike in this respect, that they turn when trod upon.

MR. HURLBERT, of the *World*, has often been advised to Hire a Hall. We are glad to see he has done it.

THE Rothschilds are, one after another, becoming Christians. This is in order that they may stay next season at the Grand Union Hotel, Saratoga.

WOULDN'T it be well to name some of our ocean steamers "Incog."? It would give 'em so much business for bankers and cashiers who like to go abroad that way.

"A SOFT answer turneth away wrath," but a tough *anser* turneth away the carving-fork, slides all over the dish, and covers the head of the family with gravy and confusion.

COL. INGERSOLL never tries to coerce his children; he lets them do just as they please. They can even come in and go out of the world according to their own sweet will.

JUDGING by the manner the "lady friends" of Mapleson's "Don Giovanni" waded into the feast in the last scene of that opera, it is not *déjeuner à la fourchette*, but *souper au couteau*.

THE Danbury *News* wants to know the difference between a turkey and Thanksgiving Day. Never knew of any difference between them. They always agreed well enough while we were around.

THE tender solicitude with which a mother cherishes her first-born is considerably less than nothing to the affectionate care which the barber's boy bestows on your silk hat just as you are about to leave the studio.

HERR AUGUST WILHELMJ, the celebrated violin *virtuoso*, has taken critical New York by storm, and is playing to large, refined and enthusiastic audiences. Of course he is delighted. "Be *virtuoso* and you will be happy," you know.

WHEN Sammy was questioned as to why his engagement with Miss H. had been broken off, he rolled his eyes, looked very much pained, and groaned, "Oh! she turned out a deceiver." But he forgot to mention that he was the deceiver whom she had turned out.

It is most wickedly presumptuous to question the equity of laws fixed by an all-wise Providence: though they appear unjust, they are all meant for the best. And yet we know some worthy church members who wish that there was some palpable reason given for the immutable law which provides that a cat, falling out of a third-story window, shall alight on its feet, while a baby, under similar circumstances, is bound to strike on its head.

THE sneak-thief came down like a wolf on the fold,

While the folks in the basement were dining, And took from the rack a coat scarce three days old,

Quite re-plendent in fine satin lining— Utterly ignoring the one left over from last year, which Mr. Smiley had brought down, intending to sell it for two dollars to the first old-clothes man that chanced around.



## THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

**A**N Englishman, who was some years ago rather inconveniently connected with the deer-stealing business, had occasion to remark in some manuscript he once wrote that the "evil that men do lives after them;" and he supplemented this apothegm by insinuating that the "good is oft interred with their bones."

The gentleman we refer to, is, of course, William W. Shakspeare, Esq., T. R., Drury Lane; and although he was not a bigger man than old BoucicO, still he had his merits, and his opinions on current topics are entitled to a fair consideration.

But recently the body of a dead dealer in dry-goods was from its tomb most untimely taken away in a rubber-bag, and its whereabouts are at present unknown to anybody save the detectives who receive \$10 a day, more or less, and expenses *until the body is found*; and the thieves themselves.

But there are several very queer circumstances about this ripping out of the bowels of the earth of the late Mr. Alex. T. Stewart. In the first place Mr. W. W. Shakspeare was wrong, for the good that A. T. S. did does *not* live after him. Westate this fact, confidently. Does the good live? If so, where? He did no good, living. What good did he leave after him? Again: If any evil was interred with his bones, it appears not to have remained there, for a more sickening sensation than the daily papers have recently been publishing regarding the up-turning of St. Mark's churchyard has not been heard for a generation.

And yet the people laugh. They laugh at the dog which led a policeman about the cemetery; they laugh at the men who led Captain Byrne through the red mud of Jersey, with a spade to dig for—nothing; they laugh at the theories which are daily served up to us in our morning papers with our coffee and omelette.

When an attempt was made to steal the body of Martyr Abraham Lincoln, the country felt a shock!

Why? Abraham Lincoln had an abiding place in the hearts of the people. When A. T. Stewart was taken out to ride in a rubber-bag, the people wondered and then laughed. Because A. T. S. had *no* place in the hearts of the people he lived among. That tells the whole story. He is somewhere—but where, who cares? Our epitome of the life of this rich man has already been written. We do not care to add to it. The body will probably never be found; for who can say, when the remains are delivered to Mr. Hilton for his \$75,000 reward that that mass of decomposition and stench was once the body of the hard-hearted and close-fisted dry-goods man?

And herein, Puck feels the tear come to his eyes, and his pen lingers as he desires to say a word to his readers regarding the lonely widow, unhappy in her great marble palace on the Fifth Avenue. Had she known of the attempt in October last to rob her husband's grave, does any one imagine for a moment that she would have been content with a broken-winded, half-spavined watchman to look around at odds and ends of hours about her dead husband's grave? But Mr. Hilton, who controls the Stewart, millions had no care for the dead remains of his benefactor further than to order a third (unknown) party through a second party to watch the grave-yard when he wasn't doing anything else.

And the sympathy of all good men and women must go out to that lonely woman in the loneliness of her palace when the niggardliness of her husband's friend has put this grief upon her.

## HOW TO KEEP OUR CONVICTS IN PRISON.



Garb them in feminine attire, and touch their masculine pride; besides confining their legs.

But, ladies and gentlemen, whether we find A. T. Stewart's body or not—

A. T. STEWART & Co., want carpet sewers, A. T. STEWART & Co., want pickers-up of strings,

A. T. STEWART & Co., want private detectives, to watch how many times the employes sneeze, per day.

A. T. STEWART & Co., being about to discharge several old employes who have been broken down in their service, would like several healthy young men and women, at small wages, to be broken down, in their turn.

A. T. STEWART & Co., will continue the d. g. biz. whether A. T. S. is ever found or not. For money is money, after all.

## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.



No LXV.

A FASHIONABLE NEW YORK WEDDING.

Ya-as, what they call the aw season he-ah has now commenced, and some American fellows of differwent classes of society are taking the opportunity of getting marwied.

One of these matrimonial alliances wecently cweated some twifling excitement among people who think a gweat deal maw of gweenback dollahs than weal respectability and aw wefinement.

The fellow who marwied was named Wosemarwy or something of that sort, and Jack says they are verwy decent people, saw Amerwicans; although his father was a judge, and became wick because some of his pwogenitors were fortunate enough to weach this countwy perwhaps a centurwy ago, when verwy few people were he-ah, when extwemely common fellows would be mistaken by aw maw common fellows saw gentlemen, and when a few pounds, or whatevah money was in existence at that perwiod, would be enough to purchase extensive twacts of countwy.

But that isn't the Wosemarwy fellow's fault; although I can't pwecisely understand why, in a wepublican countwy, such aftar all inferwiah people should stwain everwy nerve to have a gwand parwade of their aw pwivate doings, which must be so uninterwesting to the majorwity of aw othah Amerwicans, unless they are some welation to the same purse-pwoud people.

What the d-d-deuce do Jack and I care about these persons getting marwied? But still, yer know, if a fellow is asked to be pwesent at the aw "turning off," it would be wong not to make any wemarks about it.

The bwide—the female cweature, yer know—belongs to anothah family of people who have a gweat deal of pwoperty, but verwy much inferwiah in social orwigin.

The name wesembled Ulster. Perhaps Amerwican ulstahs are derwived fwom this patwonymic. Jack did say it was Ahstaw, but I dessay Ulster is ne-ah enough.

The young woman has, of course, a consid-erwable fortune, or the Wosemarwy fellow wouldn't have pwoposed to her.

She had beauty of a certain charwacter, but the pwesents and the money-bags went a gweat way to make up for any dwawbacks of this kind.

The Ousters have an extwaoindarwy quantity of bwicks and mortah and gway and bwown stone, in the shape of wesidences, ovah all New York.

The Astons' fathah or gwandfathah, gwanduncles, and some of the gwand aw bwothahs, were peddlahs, piano-tuners, and twadahs in cat and kitten skins, and aw, by the way, pole-cat coverwings. Awfully out of the categorwy of good form; and besides they are not char-witable. Except the pwesentation of a miser-wable libwarwy, they have done aw nothing for the city in which they have succeeded in "waking in," as Jack now says, their gween-backs.

Perwhaps there may be a wemote chance of their impwoving in a few hundwed ye-ahs; but they'll have to begin at once, and not let the gwass gwow aw undah their feet.

I don't object, yer know, to people being wick, but I aw stwongly object to pwetensions of affected cads (male or female) and underbwed people who are weally of inferwiah orwigin. Horses and carwiages and diamonds and flowers and jewelwy and houses, with a considerwable supply of wooms, nevah make the slightest impwession on Jack Carnegie and me.

The marwriage cerwemony was extwemely like othah marwriage cerwemonies. Several hundwed people were there; and Jack and I weceived the usual amount of attention, because, I suppose, we were the only weally pwopah people pwesent.

I don't know if we shall accept such invitations in fewchah—they're an awful baw.

Lorne and the Pwincess have arwived in Canada. They are, I dessay, wonderwng why I haven't yet put in an appearance aw.



## SEE THAT MY GRAVE'S KEPT CLEAN.

AS SUNG BY THE CELEBRATED A. T. STEWART.

Dedicated by the Singer to HENRY HILTON, Esq.

Tune: "Locking the stable-door after the steed is stolen."

SEE that my grave's kept clean!  
 Don't let the grease-spots fall.  
 O, why should my old bones go  
 Over the church-yard wall?

Please don't let me be "sacked,"  
 Though I've done it to many myself,  
 For you know I paid well to be kept  
 By the man who has got all my pelf.

See that my grave is kept clean,  
 Oh! If I only had known  
 How it would have been after my death,  
 I'd have stayed in my own Woman's Home.

See that *your* grave is kept clean  
 If you live long enough to be old,  
 Don't leave your bones in the charge  
 Of the man who inherits your gold.

MAY S. L.

## THE GREAT SENSATION.

THE TRIBUNE BUILDING  
STILL MISSING.THE POLICE ON THE TRACK, AND LIKELY  
TO STAY THERE.

## VARIEGATED RUMORS.

## WHERE IS IT?

## SPECIAL PUCK REPORT.

It is now almost three weeks since the metropolis was struck voluble with horror by the announcement that the *Tribune* Building had been, in the still and lonely watches of a November night, filched from its glorious setting, the brightest gem in Printing House Square. But as yet the police force, whose superlative excellence has caused the effete municipal governments of Europe to pale their ineffectual fires—our cherished, revered, beloved police force has failed to recover either the edifice, or, more important yet, the curled darling of the Tall Tower, over whom Vassar weeps like Venus over Adonis.

We cannot truthfully say that the police have found no clue to the perpetrators of the deed of darkness. They have found quite as many clues as could be expected under the circumstances. If finding clues were all that were necessary, our police would have fulfilled their mission most nobly.

They have found clues pretty nearly everywhere that clues could be found. If there is any fault to be found with them on this score, it is that they have rather neglected their search for the robbers to hunt the festive clue in all its native simplicity.

The men who stole the *Tribune* Building have not, it is true, been found; but, on the other hand, the police have arrested four or five persons who, though, as a matter of fact, entirely innocent of all connection with the affair, yet might have been the guilty parties, had the circumstances of their birth and breeding made them members of the criminal classes. So far has the official zeal gone, that one man, of unblemished and unquestioned character, was dragged from the house where his brother lay

dead, and taken to the police-station on the mere accusation of a casual drunken man. And if our blue-coated friends would thus subject respectable citizens to the rigors of the law, what might not be expected of them if they were only able to lay their hands on the real thieves?

At one time last week it was confidently believed that the awful mystery was

## ON THE POINT OF SOLUTION.

Roundsman Finnegan, of the Central Office, while parading his beat in Mulberry Street, heard a passer-by remark incidentally, in conversation with another, that "Phelan was a bad man." This led to the arrest of James Phelan, who had at one time lived within half a mile of a place whence the Tall Tower of the *Tribune* Building was visible. On being interrogated, Phelan said that

## OF COURSE HE HAD

stolen the building. It being represented to him that he must have had an accomplice in the fell act, he responded that he had accomplished the job with the assistance of John Quirk, who was at once taken into custody.

Phelan and Quirk were examined by Superintendent Walling, and freely confessed that they had made off with the building and concealed it out of town, in the hope of getting a reward for it. When asked why they had not mentioned the event before, they replied that they had not considered it of sufficient importance.

The building, they further stated, was

## HID IN NEW JERSEY;

and they offered to take the officers to the spot. Accordingly, on the following evening (the prisoners having been immured, meanwhile, in the Jefferson Market Police Court, where they were supplied with meals specially furnished by Delmonico, lest their constitutions should run down), the Superintendent with Captain Byrnes and two officers in plain clothes, started with the captives for East New York.

## A SPECIAL PALACE-CAR

was hired for the occasion, and the route taken was *via* Delmonico's, Hoboken, Long Branch, West Point and Orange. A large supply of choice wines was carried along, and nothing was lacking to make the little official picnic an occasion of undiluted enjoyment.

On reaching East New York, the party put up at the best hotel in the place, where they enjoyed a champagne supper (furnishing their own champagne); and then carriages were ordered, and they all proceeded to a spot several miles out in the country, where Messrs. Phelan and Quirk alleged that they had

## BURIED THE TRIBUNE BUILDING.

Success seemed almost certain. But just as they neared the place indicated, Phelan turned to Quirk and asked him:

"What can they give us for this?"

"—," Quirk replied laconically.

Phelan considered for a minute, and then, turning to Captain Byrnes, remarked:

"Oh, by the way—yes—er—I should have told you—now that I come to think over it, I don't know that I did steal that building. In fact—aw—I don't know anything about it."

Captain Byrnes says that he was decidedly irritated at this; but refrained from any expression, fearing that it might hurt the feelings of the prisoner.

## A FEW SPADEFULS

of earth were thrown up by the policemen in plain clothes; but nothing was found; and the little party returned to the city, all the excursionists expressing themselves as well satisfied with their trip.

Various rumors are, of course, rife in connection with the robbery. Some are peculiarly

picturesque; others take a common-sense view of the affair. Of these last, one current in journalistic circles, and there meeting with much credence, is that the building

## WAS NEVER STOLEN

at all: and that the whole sensation was got up by Mr. Jay Gould, in order to advertise his business, and possibly to sell a copy of the paper. To those, however, who know Mr. Gould's modest and retiring nature, his unimpeachable probity, and his almost quixotic sense of business honor, this idea must seem at once cruel and improbable. To those who don't, though, it may wear

## A DIFFERENT ASPECT;

perhaps does.

Another rumor runs that the building was smuggled out of the city in a beer-keg. Many brewers' wagons pass over the ferries in the early morning, and the robbers may thus have transported their booty to Hoboken or Williamsburg. If this should prove to be the case, the building is now, in all probability, in the hands of some retail lager-beer dealer in one or the other of these suburbs. This should lead to a strict search among the suspected classes. One theory, growing out of this, was that the keg which held the building had passed into the hands of some man who did a "pitcher business;" that its precious freight had thus been drawn off, and that Miss Emily Soldene, sending for her noon-day fresher, had

## SWALLOWED IT,

in a moment of abstraction. But this was disposed by the facts that Miss Soldene is not at present in this country, and that she does not drink beer.

Mr. Jay Gould is kept constantly busy reading the bushels of anonymous letters which are poured in on him, and of which we gave some specimens in our last: He has increased the reward first offered to \$50; making payment contingent upon conviction of the robbers—or \$10 per robber, estimating five to the job.

## L A T E R.

Another clue has been discovered. The police have found, upon diligent inquiry, that a man by the name of Duggles once boarded in Water Street, which is constructively in the vicinity of the *Tribune* Building. Duggles gave his profession as that of a doctor, and though there is no testimony to prove that his claim was false, yet this circumstance, in itself, is regarded as suspicious. What throws an additional shade of mystery over the case is the fact that Duggles had a hare-lip. The police hope to identify Duggles with the notorious Washington building-wrecker, Mullet. Photographs of Mullet have been shown to various inmates of the boarding-house in Water Street, who all agree in saying that there is not the slightest

## SHADOW OF RESEMBLANCE.

But this, the police think, in no way militates against the soundness of their theory, as the photographer who took the pictures may have been an untrustworthy person. They are following up the new trail with the utmost ardor, and the public may look for new and startling developments. The police do not say so; but we infer from this that the public may continue looking for some time to come.

"The finest flour in Germany is now said to be made with glass millstones." Remember this well. Haul some old millstone into your front yard, and break it up into generous lumps; and the first time a tramp stops at the gate and asks ye for bread, carry out the Biblical quotation in its new acceptation, and give him a stone. N. B.—Give it to him on the shin.

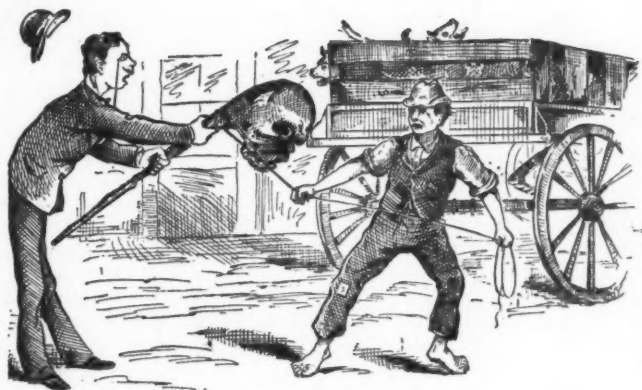


## FASHION'S FOLLIES.

## THE CANE AND ITS POSSIBILITIES.



This is the Bulldog-Cane in its simple form, of just and excellent proportions, wonderfully and beautifully made. Occasionally the Bulldog may be ornamented with a squint; but this is according to the taste and fancy of the manufacturer. This is the awful proportions it is capable of assuming even in a community so highly civilized as our own.



It may be asked: Why should not a man carry such a cane if he desires?

We answer that there are decided disadvantages in his doing so. For instance, it is bad in the hydrophobia season, when it acts as a temptation to unscrupulous dog-anglers.



And then the practice is objectionable in other ways. When a man goes to make a call at a private house, it isn't good taste to get the family cat into such a state of mind as is shown above. It is not.



Nor do we approve of the Spring-Chicken variety of cane. It may make a man look like the cock of the walk; but it gives a lady rather too gallus an air.



And what is the use of a woman's carrying around an umbrella terminating in a snake's head—unless by way of a reminder of a little flirtation her prototype carried on in the Garden of Eden? There may be some point, however, in a puppy's sporting a symbolic Black-and-Tan.



And here is genuine richness in the way of emblematic appurtenances.



This is a fancy sketch of the potentialities of the immediate future, when the Bulldog Idea shall have become firmly implanted in the breasts of our fellow-citizens. Society really runs serious danger of being re-organized on a Bulldog basis.



And have we not good and sufficient reason to look for something like this as the Umbrella Stand of the Future?



THE TERRIBLE TALE  
OF THE  
RAGING RI-NOS-SORE-US AND THE  
AWFUL SPOTTED CAM-O-MILE.

AN AFRICAN BALLAD.

**B**ASKING by the Congo sluggish  
Lay a Spotted Cam-o-mile;  
His demeanor was quite muggish,  
Never more would cammy smile.

For the Raging Ri-nos-sore-us,  
Living by the lonely lake,  
Has beguiled his Hun-ky-dore-us—  
He is dying for her sake.

By this equatorial river  
Gasping, sighing, there he lies,  
Grief is preying on his liver,  
Brine is flowing from his eyes.

Ha! a sudden impulse seized him—  
Vengeance on the guilty pair!  
Ere this blood should have appeased him:  
He will seek them in their lair.

He will show false Hun-ky-dore-us  
How a Spotted Cam-o-mile  
Can chew up a Ri-nos-sore-us  
In a very little while.

Roaring, raving, raging, rearing,  
Through the woods he tore his way,  
Till he came upon the clearing  
Where the Ri-nos-sore-us lay.

'Neath a gum-shoe tree so shady  
Raging Ri-nos-sore-us lies,  
And his Hun-ky-dore-us lady  
With her tail keeps off the flies.

But their soft repose is broken  
By a cry of rage and hate,  
And without a kiss or token  
Fickle Hun-ky quits her mate.

Fierce her lover rose to meet the  
Hated rival he had spurned;  
This intrusion served to heat the  
Rage that in his bosom burned.

With a yell of fury hideous  
Sprang the Ri-nos-sore-us vile,  
With a roar of rage prodigious  
Leaped the Spotted Cam-o-mile.

Teeth and claws and tusks and talons  
On each other's hides they plied;  
Blood poured forth by quarts, by gallons,  
From the gashes deep and wide.

Thus the grim destroyer found them,  
And they sank to rise no more;  
Hair and brains lay scattered round them,  
Crimsoned was the mud with gore.

When Miss Hun-ky on the morrow  
Heard how both her lovers fell,  
Did she seek to hide her sorrow  
In a lonely convent cell?

No. She only said, "The scoffer!"—  
That she didn't care a cuss,  
For she'd just received an offer  
From the Hip-po-pot-a-mus.

Thus did fickle Hun-ky-dore-us  
Basely, treacherously beguile  
Both the Raging Ri-nos-sore-us  
And the Spotted Cam-o-mile.

STANLEY.

TELL AUNT RHODY.



Boy. Where 're you goin', boss?  
HEALTHY PARTY. Home.  
Boy. What, to Rhode Island?  
H. P. Yes, my son.  
Boy. Golly, I never knew a man of your  
size could live in so small a State.

POST MORTEM LUCK.

**I**F there is such a thing as a happy, contented, well-satisfied corpse, it ought to be that of the late Baron de Palm. And if it is possible for one corpse to regard its fellow-corpse with feelings of absolute envy; we conceive that the mortal remains of our departed brother, A. T. Stewart, ought to feel some such sensation when it thinks of the more fortunate residuum of the deceased Baron.

And yet, in life, how different were their respective conditions! Mr. de Palm was only a poor tuppenny-hapenny, three-for-five-cents sort of a Baron—a little one for a penny, so to put it. He didn't belong anywhere in particular, and nobody seemed to want him. George the C. J. was a solid brick of nobility compared to him. His entire worldly possessions amounted to a sum so ridiculously small that Mr. Stewart would not have thought of using it for anything—except, perhaps, for charity.

But see how Death elevates the depressed end of the social see-saw. The poor Baron, answering to that call to which all our Tymphani must some day vibrate, left, in due course of time, the harmless vanities of this world, his paper collars and his half-dime genuine Havanas, and went quickly and unostentatiously over to the immortal majority, bequeathing his soul to its maker, (whom the Baron probably preferred to find in the Hindoo rather than in the Christian mythology,) and his body to his friends Mme. Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott, their acolytes and neophytes, heirs and assigns forever. Thus did he make his unimportant, but thoroughly respectable demise. If he left little in this world, most assuredly he took nothing out of it in the way of men's just hatred and righteous contempt.

Our beloved brother, Alexander Stewart, went forth from this life of flesh under rather unfavorable auspices—that is, as far as this last item is concerned. He had only hired prayers and bought benedictions to waft him to the regions of the blest, while a mighty host of sincere and spontaneous curses opened wide to him the doors of sulphurous immortality.

But we are not speaking of the soul of our late friend. The existence of the soul remains to be proved; and then the possession of such an article by the individual in question. It is his body that is now, or ought to be, before the public.

Our esteemed fellow-citizen, Judge Hilton,

is not a member of the Theosophic Society. This will be seen at once when we call attention to the peculiar and reverential care which the Theosophs take of bodies committed to their care.

The human mind recoils from the computation of the number of funerals the late Baron has received. He has been put through in every possible way, to suit the large and variegated collection of religions represented by the Theosophical Society. He has been embalmed; he has been buried; he has been cremated, and now he has been dissolved. Perhaps it would be better to say that the Society has, during all these months, held one long and diversified funeral over the Baron. By passing him through various successive processes, they managed to reduce him, some time ago to four pounds of fine ash. Most people would have stopped here, and held that their duties to the corpse were discharged when they had got it ready for the urn or the ash-barrel. But not so the faithful Theosophs. Last week they brought the incinerated de Palm from his place of safe keeping in a cuspidor, put him in an ash-receiver, spiced him up with frankincense, myrrh and chiccory, took him down to Governor's Island, and committed him to the four winds of heaven, or as many as were on hand at the time.

And where, all this time, are the mortal remains of our beloved brother, late of the dry-goods trade? Ah! where? Is he in Weehawken, or does Hoboken harbor him unawares? It is immaterial. But wherever he may be, we feel sure that from the depths of his rubber bag he chokes with envy, hatred and all uncharitableness, as he thinks of the much-buried Baron, far out of the reach of mercenary mortuary speculators, and wishes, with all the awful earnestness of desecrated decomposition, that Judge Hilton were a member of the Theosophical Society.

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.

My grandfather's clock was a beautiful piece,  
The best-going clock far and near.  
And the old man, for fear that to go it would  
cease,

Wound it up ev'ry day of the year.  
Never did he forget  
Just before he went to bed  
Yet to wind up his faithful old clock.  
He had bought it  
At the auction himself  
For a one-day clock.

*Chorus:*

Fifty years he had never thought,  
turn, turn, turn, turn,  
His clock would turn out as a fraud,  
turn, turn, turn, turn.  
He bought it  
At the auction himself  
For a one-day clock.

My grandfather's temper was gentle, not proud,  
Neither hasty would act he, nor speak,  
But I'll never forget that day when he found out  
That clock need be wound but once a week.  
How that old clock did fall  
When he threw it at the wall.  
How he smashed all to pieces that clock.  
But he was right;  
For just think, what a joke:  
'Twas an eight-day clock.

*Chorus:*

Fifty years he had never thought,  
turn, turn, turn, turn,  
His clock might turn out a fraud,  
turn, turn, turn, turn.  
Fifty years  
Wound it up ev'ry day.  
'Twas an eight-day clock.

W. B.



## GREEN JONES'S LOTTERY TICKET.



1. Mr. G. Jones goes to bed, devoutly hoping that his lottery ticket will draw the Grand Prize.



2. Before morning he is waited upon by the Lottery Agent, bearing him the Grand Prize.



3. Then all his wife's friends from Jersey come to him and swear they will never leave him.



4. And the Brokers from Wall street fight for him.



5. And Masked Burglars are working him when—



6. A voice cries—"Get up you lazy brute, and go to work, unless you want us all to starve!"

## THE MYSTERY.

"I could a tale unfold whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,  
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,  
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
And each particular hair to stand on end,  
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."—SHAK.

IT was on the 24th of October, 1878. The night was dark and cold, the wind blew keen and freezing, and a mixture of snow and rain was drizzling down; all combined to make the night more dreary and dismal. It was about 12 o'clock, and a close observer might have seen a man of middling stature, clad in thick, warm garments, well calculated to make the wearer comfortable on such a shivering night, with firm steps walking hurriedly along the quiet streets, until he came to a certain building which was a private boarding-house—thus at least read a sign attached to the same. At one side of the house there was a walk which led to the back part of the same, and right back of, and adjoining it, was the rear end of another building, intervened only by the back yard, and therefore each easy accessible to the other; this second building faced on the next street—there, apparently, was his destination; for before it he suddenly halted and gazed attentively about. Everything within was asleep and hushed—likewise outside—up and down the street all seemed dead; no sound, nothing, except the squeaking of the sign, which contributed to make the occasion more hideous, as does the owl's sharp piercing voice make the dark lonesome woods more lonesome and drear.

After taking a good look all around, he murmured: "All asleep, 'tis well," and then gave a chuckle which seemed to convey considerable satisfaction to him. He again gave a searching glance around, as if to assure himself that all was well. What thoughts, what intentions he

nursed, could hardly be distinguished in his lineaments, but, to say the least, they appeared devilish. Again he murmured: "The time is fit." With another chuckle he wended his way slowly over the walk towards the rear of the building; after reaching there, looking up, he perceived a faint light in the second story window of the second mentioned building, by which he could, though dimly, distinguish everything that was going on in the lighted apartment. On seeing the light he halted—but not until he was in the doorway of the boarding-house, the door not being fastened—and, looking steadily at the same, said in a low voice: "Just as I expected." At this point there appeared before the lighted window the figure of a medium-built and well set man; he was but half-dressed and discoursing in an angry manner; in his right hand he clutched a dagger, whose very blade gleamed murder. His appearance, his movements, showed death, revenge. His face, his words, sanctioned all. On seeing this he rushed frantically in the house, in the doorway of which he had been standing, uttering in a low manner: "Just in time; fortune is with me." Inside all was dark, but he seemed to understand the house well, for, without trouble, he went at pleasure. He made his way up-stairs first, and, running by several rooms, stopped at one—a chamber—and without any further ceremony opened the door, and, entering, awoke the two sleepers who had already been partly awakened by his approaching footsteps. With these he seemed familiar, for, calling them by name, he hastily implored them to follow him immediately, begged of them not to lose a moment, and grabbing one of them he pulled him as he was into the cold and unwelcome night from his comfortable bed, his mate following him. The three rushed down-stairs, he leading the way. All was excitement. The alarm had awoke the rest of the folks in the

house. Landlord and lady, servants and boarders, hastened, half-clad, to the scene. All was confusion; all feared the dreadful sight—yet unknown—they were to behold. All were stricken with awe, for well they knew something horrible had happened. In the meantime the three first had got to the back-door—it was all the work of a few moments. From thence he led them into the cold unwelcome back-yard, there to behold that which made them all shudder. The rest followed immediately. He pointed, and they looked, at one and the same time, at the window, where, as a minute before, the man stood—unconscious of the many eyes that were now peering at him—whose firm set countenance betold the tale of sorrow. Thus pointing, he said in a suppressed manner: "Do you see that?" "Yes," was the hurried answer of all. "Great God!" murmured one. They heard the man's angry words, saw his threatening moves. What was to follow all of this? They saw him make a hurried plunge, with dagger upraised, towards the bed. "What means this?" was the breathless, simultaneous question of all. They all bent to him for a hurried answer—that seemed an hour in coming. All were excited to the utmost. "It means," he said, solemnly, as was well fit for the occasion. "It means," he repeated, and then went on, "that that villain up there, that fiend, has—" He paused, as if to rest from revealing the sad story, and then said: "Ye gods, must I disclose this?" Then he paused again; after which, in a resolved manner, he spoke: "Well, so be it. He has—has been rehearsing Act 2d, Scene 1st, of Macbeth."

They all had a bad cold the next morning—or the cold had them.

He now boards elsewhere.

He said that he was going to leave anyway, and that the black eye was caused by running against a bed-post.

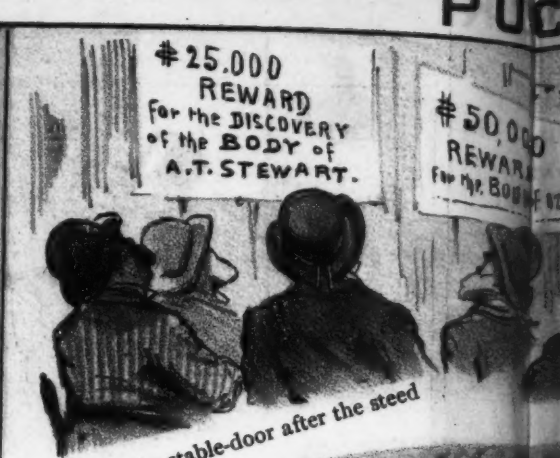




1) The 40-cent watchman (Sundays excepted).



2) The night after Mr. H. found the expense of a watchman was too great.



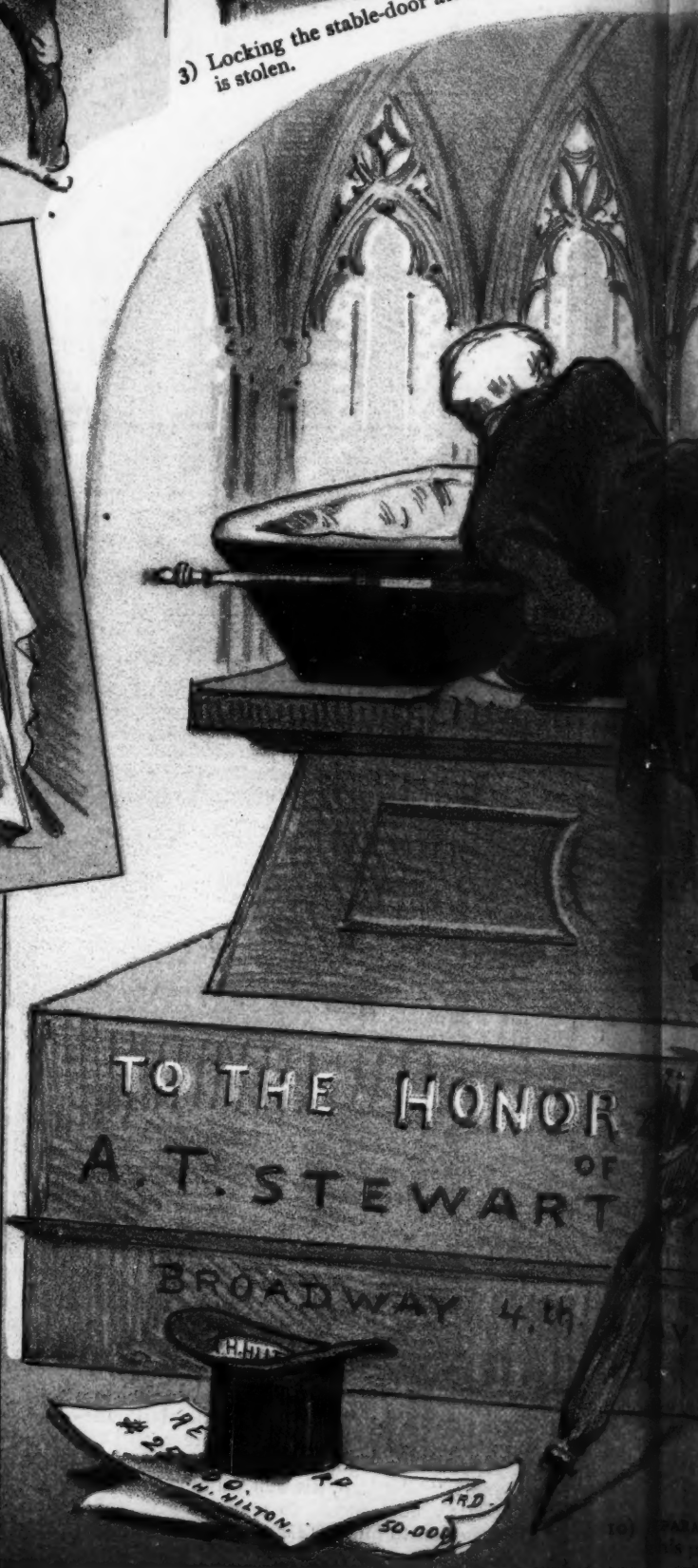
3) Locking the stable-door after the steed is stolen.



6) Animated ornaments for monuments—better than marble ones.

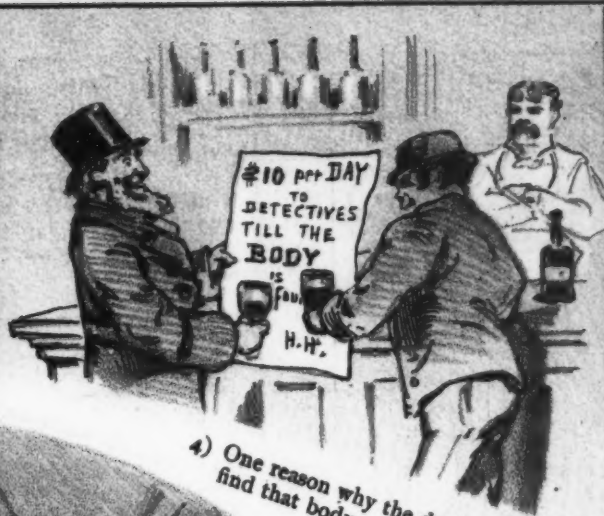


7) The Probable End—A.T. Stewart's body for that reward.

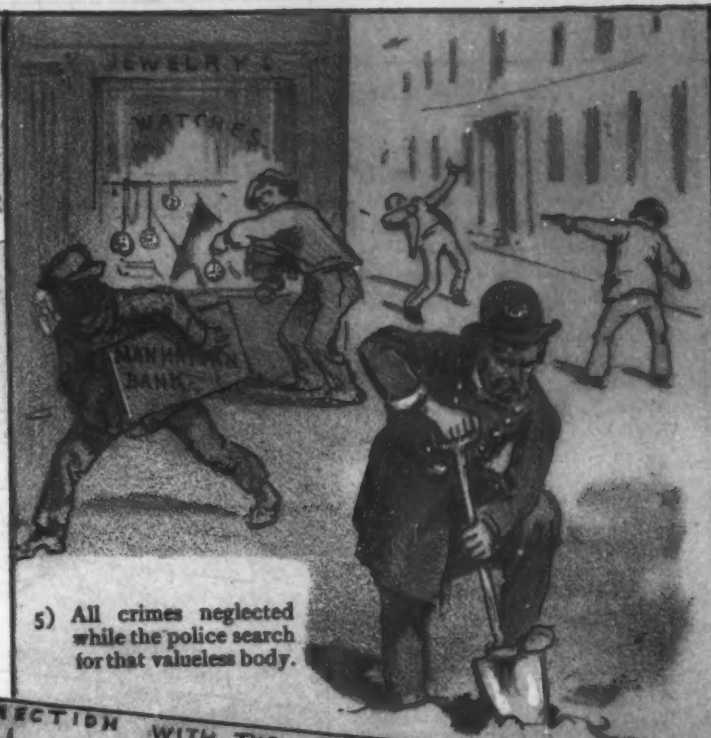




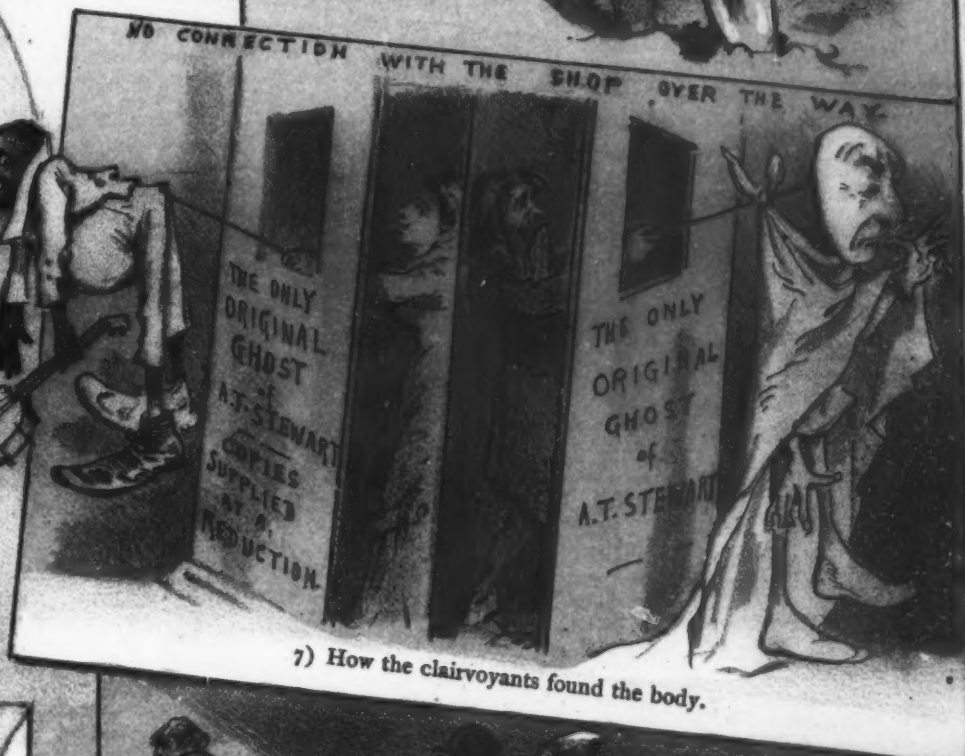
50,000  
REWARD  
for the body of H. H.



4) One reason why the detectives don't find that body.



5) All crimes neglected while the police search for that valueless body.



7) How the clairvoyants found the body.



8) How the police are fooled while a body is being moved.

10) PARADOX.—"As I can't find him, the least I can do is to put myself in his place."



## THE SEASONS.

## SPRING.

**H**IGH east the fervid morning sun  
Creeps o'er the hills with verdure glare,  
To stir the vales one after one,  
To make the rills with vigor run,  
The birds complete the nests begun,  
And sleepy cow-boys swear.

## SUMMER.

The tasseling grasses of fields are exhaling  
Alluring suggestions of opulent bloom,  
With delicate traces of scents—unavailing  
When gardens inebriate with their perfume.

All earth of exuberant life is partaking,  
And a mortal's so closely with nature in tune,  
That the heart in excess of enjoyment seems aching,  
And we hope to find heaven a post-mortem June.

The vines of potatoes with dew are besprinkled  
As pure as the nectar Love leaves on the lip,  
And old Colorados, with faces bewrinkled,  
Impatiently struggle, lest of they should slip.

## AUTUMN.

Now the garnering blade overcometh the grain,  
And the farmer rejoices because of his gain,  
While the fruit and the fullness of esculent root  
Prove welcome, though less than he hoped to obtain,  
And the night-hurried tramp for a shelter doth scoot.

## WINTER.

Behold the morning's serious gray,  
Meridian's storm, the chill short day—  
The calm on either side of strife—  
A fit epitome of life.  
Behold the happy fireside  
Where virtue is exemplified.  
The gentle housewife, though seclate,  
Doth cheer the circle 'round the grate;  
The children, mindful of the rule  
Enjoining proper diligence,  
Are studious in consequence,  
Preparing for the morrow's school.  
The cat purrs loudly on the hearth,  
And all are so removed from wrath  
That exultations seem to rise  
From that domestic paradise,  
From sweet, effulgent quiet born,  
Till someone hits the old man's corn. M. B.

## ELI PERKINS NOWHERE.

VINE-CLAD CITY, Mo., Nov. 16th.

Editor PUCK:

SIR—Your issue of November 13th contains the following:

"Did you ever see a red-headed nigger?"

In reply we would say that we have. An unvarnished fact. He lives here; and when we questioned him in regard to the cause of his being so, he replied that he thought the change from black to red occurred during the "heated term," as he did not wear any head-covering during said period.

BAZOO JUMBLE.

In *Sunbeams* the following:

"In Russia there is a religious sect called the 'Helpers.' Their peculiarity is that they avoid lying, stealing, and getting in debt."

Our American "Helpers" are a political, not a religious sect; and they differ slightly from the Muscovite variety in being less scrupulous about lying, stealing, and getting in debt.

## SOME SOCIAL FIENDS

## IX.

## THE FIEND OF THE BUTTON-HOLE.



Don't you know him, Dan, my boy? Does he not seize you when you are intent upon securing the revenues of your great and glorious country, and hold you by your button for lengthened conversation, long drawn out, about nothing? This is not a conundrum, and so it can be answered by the word, Certainly.

He does. He will. And he is a Fiend.

Our dear friend, Mr. Megal O'Saurus, was meandering down Broadway recently, when he met a F. of the Button-hole, who seized him and begged one moment to inquire about the properties of a carbureted hydrogen and olefiant gas as a light when compared with electricity (he got this out of a dictionary), when evolved in any disturbance of molecular equilibrium.

This was a crusher upon our friend, O'Saurus, and he felt like hieing himself to a hostelry and retiring, with cocktails, to forty winks of peace. But, ehö, another Fiend of the B.-h. seized him before he could reach a 3-bed caravanserai, and commenced to quoth: "Ha, ha! He, he! Ho, ho, ho! Did you hear about—well, I won't mention his name, but the manager of the—well, you know the theatre I refer to—how he was found—ah, me boy, I see you know what I mean—and she's the prettiest woman in New York—of course there's nothing in it—but her husband—you know him only as a great banker—I needn't mention his name—"

Escaped again, Mr. O'Saurus, whose prenomens is Megal, secretes him in the far wilds of New Jersey, where chin-music is played not.

But this Fiend of the B.-h., like the other Fiends of which mention is hebdomadally made in these columns is ubiquitous. A flea is nothing to him. Perennial summer buzzes about him, and his name is Mosquito.

He stings. And when our friend, Mr. O'Saurus, escapes him, he appears in another form and alights upon the button-hole of that truly good, but sad, man, Mr. Mcrometer, at the very moment when that noble soul was scratching its material head in vain endeavors to raise money to meet notes due that morning. "Aha!" he cries, I've got the best thing to tell you. Only one moment. Did you hear how Commodore Dickerbilk's bay filly, Crasher, was hobbled and ham-strung? Well, I'll tell you—"

Hours pass in horsey talk; the gentle nature of Mr. Mcrometer won't allow him to wrench himself away from the Fiend of the Button-hole; so his notes go to protest, and he goes into bankruptcy.

Alas, that we are not all policemen, with the manners and weapons of policemen. Then, when this Fiend seized us and commenced to

play to us the long-winded music of the chin, we could club him, and jump upon him, and place our knees violently upon his ribs, and generally maul him.

But these measures, in America, are only permitted to the blue-coated police; so when that interminable talker, the But-on-hole Fiend, approaches you, your only safety is in flight.

Turn tail and run.

E. S. L.

## THE THEATRES.

"OUR CLUB" holds the boards at WALLACK'S until such time as "My Son" shall be ready. It is a mild English attempt to touch the gothic lightness of Gondinet, and it comes not much nearer to its ideal than American champagne comes to the genuine article. It is little more than a page from Mr. Burnand's dramatic notebook—a faint sketch of London club life—a bright scene of equivoque—and then an act and a half written solely to lead to a dénouement which doesn't come. It is acted rather better than its deserts, and gives Mr. Charles Coghlan an opportunity to depict a Frenchman with exquisitely artistic realism. A Frenchman, we say. Possibly not the Frenchman of the play. It may be that Mr. Coghlan's art spoils us, and inclines us to hypercriticism; but one cannot help wishing that he had given us, instead of his clever, business-like *chef de bureau* Parisian, the type that must have been in the playwright's mind—that "languishing and cloudy" being—the French poet who aims at the de Musset style—the glorious being with the head of hair and the *belle barbe* and the unlimited capital of self-esteem.

Miss Coghlan carries herself well through the one strong scene of the play; and Mr. Rockwell deserves more praise than we have room to give him here for looking a London "military swell" to absolute perfection—a captain in the guards and a gentleman. Miss Germon has nothing to do, and does it charmingly.

THE FIFTH AVENUE rejoices in tragedy and Mr. Booth, who is renewing his hold on the affections of the New York public, and proving that this unfortunate metropolis is not wholly given over to the Fritzes and the Ottos. His present engagement is a marked contrast to the period he passed in the Fourteenth Street tomb of the muses two years ago.

"RIGOLETTO" was on the Academy boards last week; and when the *Jester* received the body of his daughter in the traditional sack, one vast sniff arose from the whole audience, the policemen in the rear looked uneasy, and multitudinous mention was made of the name of the late Mr. Stewart. Fact, we assure you.

## Answers for the Aurious.

HASELTINE.—You are giving her ice-cream on a wire.

CHURCH FAIRO.—A. M. D. G., in our "Godly Gambling" cartoon, stood for *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*—To the Greater Glory of God—or, A Most Dire Give-away—just as you please.

K. GIESE.—As soon as we can dispose of the regular November lot of fiends who make jokes about Turkey, we will hunt up your favor, and see which wants it the more, PUCK or you.

We wish to call attention to the self-respecting heroism with which "Puck" has refrained from making one single Thanksgiving Joke. Let your light so shine before American paragraphers that they may see your good works and go them some better.



## A PORTRAIT.

"O Sweet Anne Page!"—SHAKESPEARE.

I LOVE her well—have loved her long,  
And would immortalize in song  
Sweet Anne on Lyric page:  
No fabled Queen, or Heroine  
In crinoline, like Sweet Anne Page.

She washes twenty times a-day,  
Each Bath a Cataclysm you'd say,  
So dreads she sulliage.  
Mahommed's pet in Mecca yet  
Is not so *nette* as Sweet Anne Page.

Her Girth is spann'd by one small hand,  
No engineer *Modiste* has plann'd  
Its very narrow Gauge:  
A Lady's waist to my plain taste  
Looks best unlac'd, like Sweet Anne Page.

Her Notes my approbation meet,  
Low and monotonous, but sweet,  
As Robin's in a hedge:  
No proud Soprano from bright Milano  
Can trill soft *Piano* like Sweet Anne Page.

Her tastes are not Smoke and Wine,  
But dainty, delicate, and fine,  
Befitting Sex and Age:  
Disdaining self-bought cates for self,  
The Dairy's shelf feeds Sweet Anne Page.

Her Manners—natural and nice,  
Not stiff and starch'd, and pointdevise—  
True blue-blood's privilege:  
Free Nature's child, untrammel'd, wild,  
Yet domicil'd is Sweet Anne Page.

Her Creed is Trust, and Thankfulness,  
To waft her through the wilderness  
Of Life's short pilgrimage:  
In her small way I dare not say  
She does not pray, devout Anne Page!

"Who is Anne Page? some artful Puss  
Has fool'd you to belaud her thus  
O'er Savage, Saint, or Sage:"  
Some Puss? your wit the mark has hit,  
MY WHITE MANX KIT IS SWEET ANNE PAGE.

O. Z. D.

## BIANCA.

W. E. NORRIS IN "BELGRAVIA."

NOT long since, I was one among a crowd of nobodies at a big official reception in Paris when the Marchese and Marchesa di San Silvestro were announced. There was a momentary silence; those about the doorway fell back to let this distinguished couple pass, and some of us stood on tip-toe to get a glimpse of them; for San Silvestro is a man of no small importance in the political and diplomatic world, and his wife enjoys quite a European fame for beauty and amiability, having had opportunities of displaying both these attractive gifts at the several courts where she has acted as Italian ambassadress. They made their way quickly up the long room—she short, rather shallow, inclined towards embonpoint, but with eyes whose magnificence was rivaled only by that of her diamonds; he bald-headed, fat, gray-haired, covered with orders—and were soon out of sight. I followed them with a sigh, which caused my neighbor to ask me jocosely whether the Marchesa was an old flame of mine.

"Far from it," I answered. "Only the sight of her reminded me of bygone days. Dear, dear me! how time does slip on! It is fifteen years since I saw her last."

I moved away, looking down rather ruefully at the waistcoat to whose circumference fifteen years have made no trifling addition, and wondering whether I was really as much altered and aged in appearance as the Marchesa was.

Fifteen years—it is no such very long time; and yet I dare say that the persons principally concerned in the incident which I am about to relate, have given up thinking about it as completely as I had done, until the sound of that lady's name, and the sight of her big black eyes, recalled it to me, and set me thinking of the sunny spring afternoon on which my sister Anne and I journeyed from Verona to Venice, and of her naïve exclamations of delight on finding herself in a real gondola, gliding smoothly down the Grand Canal. My sister Anne is by some years my senior. She is what might be called an old lady now, and she certainly was an old maid then, and had long accepted her position as such. Then, as now, she habitually wore a gray alpaca gown, a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, gloves a couple of sizes too large for her, and a shapeless, broad-leaved straw hat, from which a blue veil was flung back and streamed out in the breeze behind her, like a ship's ensign. Then, as now, she was the simplest, the most kind-hearted, the most prejudiced of mortals; an enthusiastic admirer of the arts, and given, as her own small contribution thereto, to the production of endless water-color landscapes, a trifle woolly, indeed, as to outline, and somewhat faulty as to perspective, but warm in coloring, and highly thought of in the family. I believe, in fact, that it was chiefly with a view to the filling of her portfolio that she had persuaded me to take her to Venice; and, as I am constitutionally indolent, I was willing enough to spend a few weeks in the city which, of all cities in the world, is the best adapted for lazy people. We engaged rooms at Danielli's, and unpacked all our clothes, knowing that we were not likely to make another move until the heat should drive us away.

The first few days, I remember, were not altogether full of enjoyment for one of us. My excellent Anne, who has all her brother's virtues, without his failings, would have scouted the notion of allowing any dread of physical fatigue to stand between her and the churches and pictures which she had come all the way from England to admire; and, as Venice was an old haunt of mine, she very excusably expected me to act as cicerone to her, and allowed me but little rest between the hours of breakfast and of the table-d'hôte. At last, however, she conceived the modest and felicitous idea of making a copy of Titian's "Assumption," and, having obtained the requisite permission for that purpose, set to work upon the first of a long series of courageous attempts, all of which she conscientiously destroyed when in a half-finished state. At that rate it seemed likely that her days would be fully occupied for some weeks to come; and I urged her to persevere, and not to allow herself to be disheartened by a few brilliant failures; and so she hurried away, early every morning, with her paint-box, brushes, and her block, and I was left free to smoke my cigarettes in peace, in front of my favorite café on the Piazza San Marco.

I was sitting there one morning, watching, with half-closed eyes, the pigeons circling overhead under a cloudless sky, and enjoying the fresh salt breeze that came across the ruffled water from the Adriatic, when I was accosted by one of the white-coated Austrian officers by whom Venice was thronged in those days, and whom I presently recognized as a young fellow named von Rosenau, whom I had known slightly in Vienna the previous winter. I returned his greeting cordially, for I always like to associate as much as possible with foreigners

when I am abroad, and little did I foresee into what trouble this fair-haired, innocent-looking youth was destined to lead me.

I asked him how he liked Venice, and he answered laughingly that he was not there from choice. "I am in disgrace," he explained. "I am always in disgrace—only this time it is rather worse than usual. Do you remember my father, the General? No? Perhaps he was not in Vienna when you were there. He is a soldier of the old school, and manages his family as they tell me he used to manage his regiment in former years, boasting that he has never allowed a breach of discipline to pass unpunished, and never will. Last year I exceeded my allowance, and the Colonel got orders to stop my leave; this year I borrowed from the Jews, the whole thing was found out, and I was removed from the cavalry, and put into a Croat regiment under orders for Venice. Next year will probably see me enrolled in the police; and so it will go on, I suppose, till some fine morning I shall find myself driving a two-horse yellow diligence in the wilds of Carinthia, and blowing a horn to let the villagers know that the Imperial and Royal mail is approaching."

After a little more conversation we separated, but only to meet again, that same evening, on the Piazza San Marco, whither I had wandered to listen to the band after dinner, and where I found von Rosenau seated with a number of his brother-officers in front of the principal café. These gentlemen, to whom I was presently introduced, were unanimous in complaining of their present quarters. Venice, they said, might be all very well for artists and travelers; but viewed as a garrison, it was the dullest of places. There were no amusements, there was no sport, and just now no society; for the Italians were in one of their periodical fits of sulks, and would not speak to, or look at, a German if they could possibly avoid it.

"They will not even show themselves when our band is playing," said one of the officers, pointing towards the well-nigh empty piazza. "As for the ladies, it is reported that, if one of them is seen speaking to an Austrian, she is either assassinated or sent off to spend the rest of her days in a convent. At all events, it is certain that we have none of us any successes to boast of, except von Rosenau, who has an affair, they say, only he is pleased to be very mysterious about it."

"Where does she live, von Rosenau?" asked another. "Is she rich? Is she noble? Has she a husband, who will stab you both? or only a mother, who will send her to a nunnery, and let you go free? You might gratify our curiosity a little. It would do you no harm, and it would give us something to talk about."

"Bah! he will tell you nothing," cried a third. "He is afraid. He knows that there are half a dozen of us who could cut him out in an hour."

"Von Rosenau," said a young ensign solemnly, "you would do better to make a clean breast of it. Concealment is useless. Janovicz saw you with her in Santa Maria della Salute the other day, and could have followed her home quite easily if he had been so inclined."

"They were seen together on the Lido, too. People who want to keep their secrets ought not to be so imprudent."

"A good comrade ought to have no secrets from the regiment."

"Come, von Rosenau, we will promise not to speak to her without your permission if you will tell us how you managed to make her acquaintance."

The subject of all these attacks received them with the most perfect composure, continuing to smoke his cigar and gaze out seawards, without so much as turning his head towards



his questioners, to whom he vouchsafed no reply whatever. Probably, as an ex-hussar and a sprig of nobility, he may have held his head a little above those of his present brother-officers, and preferred disregarding their familiarity to resenting it, as he might have done if it had come from men whom he considered on a footing of equality with himself. Such, at least, was my impression; and it was confirmed by the friendly advances which he made towards me, from that day forth, and by the persistency with which he sought my society. I thought he wished for some companion whose ideas had not been developed exclusively in barrack atmosphere; and I, on my side, was not unwilling to listen to the chatter of a lively, good-natured young fellow, at intervals, during my long, idle days.

It was at the end of a week, I think, or thereabouts, that he honored me with his full confidence. We had been out sea-fishing in a small open boat which he had purchased, and which he managed without assistance—that is to say, that we had provided ourselves with what was requisite for the pursuit of that engrossing sport, and that the young Count had gone through the form of dropping his line over the side and pulling it up, baitless and fishless, from time to time, while I had dispensed with even this shallow pretense of employment, and had stretched myself out full length upon the cushions which I had thoughtfully brought with me, inhaling the salt-laden breeze, and luxuriating in perfect inaction, till such time as it had become necessary for us to think of returning homewards. My companion had been sighing portentously every now and again all through the afternoon, and had repeatedly given vent to a sound as though he had been about to say something, and had as often checked himself, and fallen back into silence. So that I was in a great measure prepared for the disclosure that fell from him at length as we slipped before the wind, across the broad lagoon, towards the haze and blaze of sunset which was glorifying the old city of Doges.

"Do you know," said he suddenly, "that I am desperately in love?" I said I had conjectured as much; and he seemed a good deal surprised at my powers of divination.

"Yes," he resumed, "I am in love; and with an Italian lady too, unfortunately. Her name is Bianca—the Signorina Bianca Marinelli—and she is the most divinely beautiful creature the sun ever shown upon."

"That," said I, "is of course."

"It is the truth; and when you have seen her, you will acknowledge that I do not exaggerate. I have known her nearly two months now. I became acquainted with her accidentally—she dropped her handkerchief in a shop, and I took it to her, and so we got to be upon speaking terms, and—and—but I need not give you the whole history. We have discovered that we are all the world to one another; we have sworn to remain faithful to each other all our lives long; and we renew the oath whenever we meet. But that, unhappily, is very seldom! for her father, the Marchese Marinelli, scarcely ever lets her out of his sight; and he is a sour, narrow-minded old fellow, as proud as he is poor, an intense hater of all Austrians, and, if he were to discover our attachment, I shudder to think of what the consequences might be."

"And your own father—the stern old General of whom you told me—what would he say to it all?"

"Oh! he, of course, would not hear of such a marriage for a moment. He detests and despises the Venetians as cordially as the Marchese abhors the *Tedeschi*; and, as I am entirely dependent upon him, I should not dream of saying a word to him about the matter until

I was married, and nothing could be done to separate me from Bianca."

"So that, upon the whole, you appear to stand a very fair chance of starvation, if everything turns out according to your wishes. And pray in what way do you imagine that I can assist you towards this desirable end? For I take it for granted that you have some reason for letting me into your secret."

Von Rosenau laughed good-humoredly.

"You form conclusions quickly," he said. "Well, I will confess to you that I have thought lately that you might be of great service to me without inconveniencing yourself much. The other day, when you did me the honor to introduce me to your sister, I was very nearly telling her all. She has such a kind countenance; and I felt sure that she would not refuse to let my poor Bianca visit her sometimes. The old Marchese, you see, would have no objection to leaving his daughter for hours under the care of an English lady; and I thought that perhaps when Miss Jenkinson went out to work at her painting—I might come in."

"Fortunate indeed is it for you," I said, "that your confidence in the kind countenance of my sister Anne did not carry you quite to the point of divulging this precious scheme to her. I, who know her pretty well, can tell you exactly the course she would have pursued if you had. Without one moment's hesitation, she would have found out the address of the young lady's father, hurried off thither, and told him all about it. Anne is a thoroughly good creature; but she has little sympathy with love-making, still less with surreptitious love-making, and she would as soon think of accepting the part you are so good as to assign to her as of forging a check."

He sighed, and said he supposed, then, that they must continue to meet as they had been in the habit of doing; but that it was rather unsatisfactory.

"It says something for your ingenuity, that you contrive to meet at all," I remarked.

"Well, yes, there are considerable difficulties, because the old man's movements are so uncertain; and there is some risk too, for, as you heard the other day, we have been seen together. Moreover, I have been obliged to tell everything to my servant Johann, who way-lays the Marchese's housekeeper at market in the mornings, and finds out from her when and where I can have an opportunity of meeting Bianca. I would rather not have trusted him; but I could think of no other plan."

"At any rate, I should have thought you might have selected some more retired rendezvous than the most frequented church in Venice."

He shrugged his shoulders. "I wish you would suggest one within reach," he said. "There are no retired places in this accursed town. But, in fact, we see one another very seldom. Often for days together the only way in which I can get a glimpse of her is by loitering about in my boat in front of her father's house, and watching till she shows herself at the window. We are in her neighborhood now, and it is close upon the hour at which I can generally calculate upon her appearing. Would you mind my making a short detour that way before I set you down at your hotel?"

We had entered the Grand Canal while von Rosenau had been relating his love-tale, and some minutes before, he had lowered his sail, and taken to the oars. He now slewed his boat's head round abruptly, and we shot into a dark and narrow water-way, and so, after sundry twistings and turnings, arrived before a grim, time-worn structure, so hemmed in by the surrounding buildings that it seemed as if no ray of sunshine could ever penetrate within its walls.

"That is the Palazzo Marinelli," said my

companion. "The greater part of it is let to different tenants. The family has long been much too poor to inhabit the whole of it, and now the old man only reserves himself four rooms on the third floor. Those are the windows, in the far corner; and there—no!—yes! there is Bianca."

I brought my eye-glass to bear upon the point indicated just in time to catch sight of a female head, which was thrust out through the open window for an instant, and then withdrawn with great celerity.

"Ah!" sighed the Count, "it is you who have driven her away. I ought to have remembered that she would be frightened at seeing a stranger. And now she will not show herself again, I fear. Come; I will take you home. Confess now—is she not more beautiful than you expected?"

"My dear sir, I had hardly time to see whether was a man or a woman; but I am she willing to take your word for it that there never was anybody like her."

"If you would like to wait a little longer—half an hour or so—she *might* put her head out again," said the young man wistfully.

"Thank you very much; but my sister will be wondering why I do not come to take her down to the table-d'hôte. And besides, as I am not in love myself, I may perhaps be excused for saying that I want my dinner."

"As you please," answered the Count, looking the least bit in the world affronted; and so he pulled back in silence to the steps of the hotel, where we parted.

I don't know whether von Rosenau felt aggrieved by my rather unsympathetic reception of his confidence, or whether he thought it useless to discuss his projects further with one who could not or would not assist him in carrying them out; but although we continued to meet daily, as before, he did not recur to the interesting subject, and it was not for me to take the initiative in doing so. Curiosity, I confess, led me to direct my gondolier more than once to the narrow canal over which the Palazzo Marinelli towered; and on each occasion I was rewarded by descrying, from the depths of the miniature mourning-coach which concealed me, the faithful Count, seated in his boat and waiting in patient faith, like another Ritter Toggenburg, with his eyes fixed upon the corner window; but of the lady I could see no sign. I was rather disappointed at first, as day after day went by and my young friend showed no disposition to break the silence in which he had chosen to wrap himself; for I had nothing to do in Venice, and I thought it would have been rather amusing to watch the progress of this incipient romance. By degrees, however, I ceased to trouble myself about it; and at the end of a fortnight I had other things to think of, in the shape of plans for the summer, my sister Anne having by that time satisfied herself that, all things considered, Titian's "Assumption" was a little too much for her.

It was Captain Janovicz who informed me casually one evening that von Rosenau was going away in a few days on leave, and that he would probably be absent for a considerable time.

"For my own part," remarked my informant, "I shall be surprised if we see him back in the regiment at all. He was only sent to us as a sort of punishment for having been a naughty boy, and I suppose now he will be forgiven, and restored to the hussars."

"So much for undying love," thinks I with a cynical chuckle. "If there is any gratitude in man, that young man ought to be showering blessings on me for having refused to hold the noose for him to thrust his head into."

(To be continued.)





## Puck's Exchanges.

## CHINESE CAROL.

Denly Klearney gone way offee,  
Chinee washee much good now,  
Put more elbow-grease in shirtee,  
No 'fraid fightee, no 'fraid low.

Denly Klearney when come Bosting,  
He said Chinee stand no show,  
Chinee washee allee samee,  
Denly Klearney flist to go!

All good Chinee now go Joss House,  
Burn blue paper, 'cause Klearney gone,  
Hopee stayee Californy,  
Else 'cross watee where he born.

—Boston Post.

IT Stewart to find.—*New Haven Register*.  
A. T. the present time it seems so.—*Albany Argus*.

A lot of boot-blacks sitting on a curbstone may not be India rubber boys, though they are gutter perchers.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

WHY couldn't sealskin be grafted on a cat and the animal made to earn its milk? Can any patent-medicine Socrates say?—*Wheeling Leader*.

HE jests at horse-cars that never felt a stout female person with a basket mistake him for a stuffed hair-cloth rocking-chair.—*N. Y. Commercial Adv.*

GIVE the average American girl her choice between going to heaven and marrying into the nobility, and see how few charms heaven has for her.—*Keokuk Constitution*.

A MANUFACTURER of artificial flies has a fine exhibit at Paris. Thus a long-felt want at the summer boarding-house will be supplied by man's genius.—*N. Y. Graphic*.

WILLIAM TELL never shot the apple, Pocahontas didn't save the life of Smith, and the worst of all, Grant never was a tanner. Exit romance.—*New Haven Register*.

IT takes the average woman three minutes to buy a postage stamp and lick it on, while it takes the average man only fifty-seven seconds. Please think of these things.—*Detroit Free Press*.

IF the parties who stole A. T. Stewart's remains will communicate with this paper we'll guarantee to publish their names and charge them nothing for doing it.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald*.

ONE of the handsomest bronzes on exhibition at the Chicago Loan Exhibition is "Ulysses bending his bow." Wouldn't "Ulysses bending his elbow" have a more modern and significant twang to it?—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

THE "Puckerings" which we published recently were clipped from PUCK. We make the explanation because the *St. Louis Spirit* has been giving us credit which belongs to the other fellow.—*Honest Stillwater Lumberman*.

THE *Washington Post* does not hesitate to characterize a young lady who recently "gave a public reading" in that city as a "recitatrix." The *Post* must have known that the lady had no big brother of her own, or it never would have dared to apply to her so opprobrious an epithet as that.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

THE Mormon women of Salt Lake City have resolved that polygamy is a divine institution and conducive of long life and strength. Perhaps this explains why Beecher keeps so remarkably healthy.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald*.

WHEN Satan took Simon Cameron up into the Alleghany mountains and offered him the State of Pennsylvania, Simon took the old boy at his word. Ever since, the State of Pennsylvania has been in the Cameron family.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

THE *Buffalo Express* gently chides a Buffalo bride who got married in a pair of stockings valued at \$150. One hundred and ninety-nine dollars' worth of bonnet and one dollar's worth of stockings would have made more show to the public.—*Detroit Free Press*.

THERE is a poem in the November *Atlantic* that starts off by saying, "There came three queens from heaven." Never do you believe it; we'll bet you a thousand dollars one of them was dealt to him, and he pulled the other two out of his boot.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

THE man who has just donned his winter flannels may be known by a generally pre-occupied look, and the anxious celerity with which he backs up against a lamp-post or the sharp edge of a building when he thinks no one is looking at him.—*Norwich Bulletin*.

MISS NETTIE HAND runs a millinery store in Des Moines. We imagine some day or other, some how or other, some fellow will strike the old gentleman and ask for his pattern Hand maiden. This is only the imagination of a disordered brain, however.—*Keokuk Constitution*.

JOAQUIN MILLER, we are told, "weeps because Italy is not his native land." We'll bet two dollars and a half that Italy doesn't. But then he can embark in the hand-organ business without being a native of Italy. He has long enough hair, and a two weeks' abstinence from soap would produce the other requisite.—*Norristown Herald*.

HE caught a cold, a horrid cold,  
(They do who go a-fishin')  
And this accounts for what would else  
Have sent him to perdition.  
For when a neighbor kindly asked,  
With voice as sweet as toffy,  
"Did Java pleasant time?" he said,  
"Well, yes, a little coughy!"

—Yonkers Gazette.

## FITZNOODLE'S BWOTHER FWED IN SAN FWANCISCO.

AN illustrious—even a lordly stranger—was sojourning at the Palace Hotel this week, and, like a true Britisher, he ordered, with his breakfast, tea and toast. The unenlightened Abyssinian who was waiting on him had the misfortune to bring the toast in on a plate, and was ignorant of having committed any offense until the guest in question had surveyed him through a single eye-glass for about three minutes, and concluded his scrutiny by remarking: "I say, ye know, why can't ye bring a fellow his toast on a wack?" He apologized, rushed off to the head steward, and asked him what a wack was. A consultation of forty-seven waiters, temporarily on duty, was held, and it was finally decided that a wack was an article unknown to American hostilities. The gentleman was so informed, and asked for further explanation. "Not know what a toast-wack is?" he replied. "What a wummy idea; it's weally outwageous. Everyw responsible waiter, in my country, brings in toast on a wack. It's all wight, ye know, and all that sort of thing, but weally, when I'm witing home no fellow would believe that the San Francisco hotels did not have toast-wacks." And they don't.—*S. F. News-Letter*.

WHAT is this rumpus halibut  
That vexes Scotia's sod?  
Does England really sucker need,  
Or is it all a cod?

Sole long as herring Johnnie Bull  
Forbears to carp and rail,  
Eel find dace set of folks in us  
Who're not inclined to whale.

—St. Louis Times-Journal.

PASSING strange that it doesn't occur to Judge Hilton to get out a *habeas corpus*. Calls himself a judge!—*Phila. Bulletin*.

"SOLITAIRE diamonds," says a fashion journal, "are still in high favor for engagement rings." That's what makes an old married man smile so often and so pityingly, as he gazes at the young men who come to take his seven daughters to the sociable.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

OUR esteemed contemporary the *New York World*, animated with an ingenuous desire to enliven the Christmas season and to put its readers in the way of at once improving their minds, passing a few moments agreeably and usefully, and earning anywhere from \$5 to \$50 in gold, announces that it will distribute, on the day before Christmas, twelve prizes in cash to the successful competitors in a novel game of questions, to be submitted weekly until the prizes are distributed. We enter the list of contestants with the understanding that if we win a prize, as we no doubt will, it will be used as a nucleus for a Democratic campaign fund for 1880.

1. What was Lucifer's Lawsuit, and in what particular did it resemble the Vanderbilt case?

It was all about a dog, and resembles the Vanderbilt case in that it created a great public scandal, made several lawyers immensely wealthy, and left both plaintiff and defendant "poor as Satan."

2. What do you think the most remarkable instance in history of great events flowing from a trifling cause?

Ben Butler's campaign in Massachusetts on a Greenback basis.

3. When did the first American rebellion occur?

When Columbus stepped ashore and told the Indians to "go west."

4. Who invented milk-punch?

Edison's grandmother, heaven rest her good soul!

5. Who wrote the familiar lines:

"There is happy land  
Far, far away?"

The Sweet Singer of Michigan.

6. State any point of resemblance between Achilles and the author of the well-known lines:

"Her feet beneath her petticoat  
Like little mice stole in and out."

Because he can't climb a tree.

7. Has it ever been settled who wrote "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother"? If so, who did write it?

We are the long-lost, and can show the necessary strawberry mark, thank you. We also wrote "Beautiful Snow."

8. Who wrote the lines:

"Here's a cup to the dead already;  
Hurrah for the next who dies!"

The lines are the joint production of the Stewart grave robbers.—*Derrick*.

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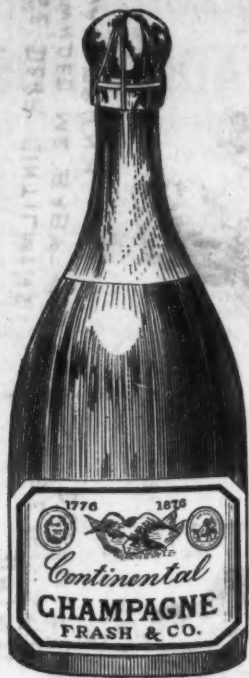
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